

The Daily

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ILLUSTRATED

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Mirror.

A Paper for Men and Women.

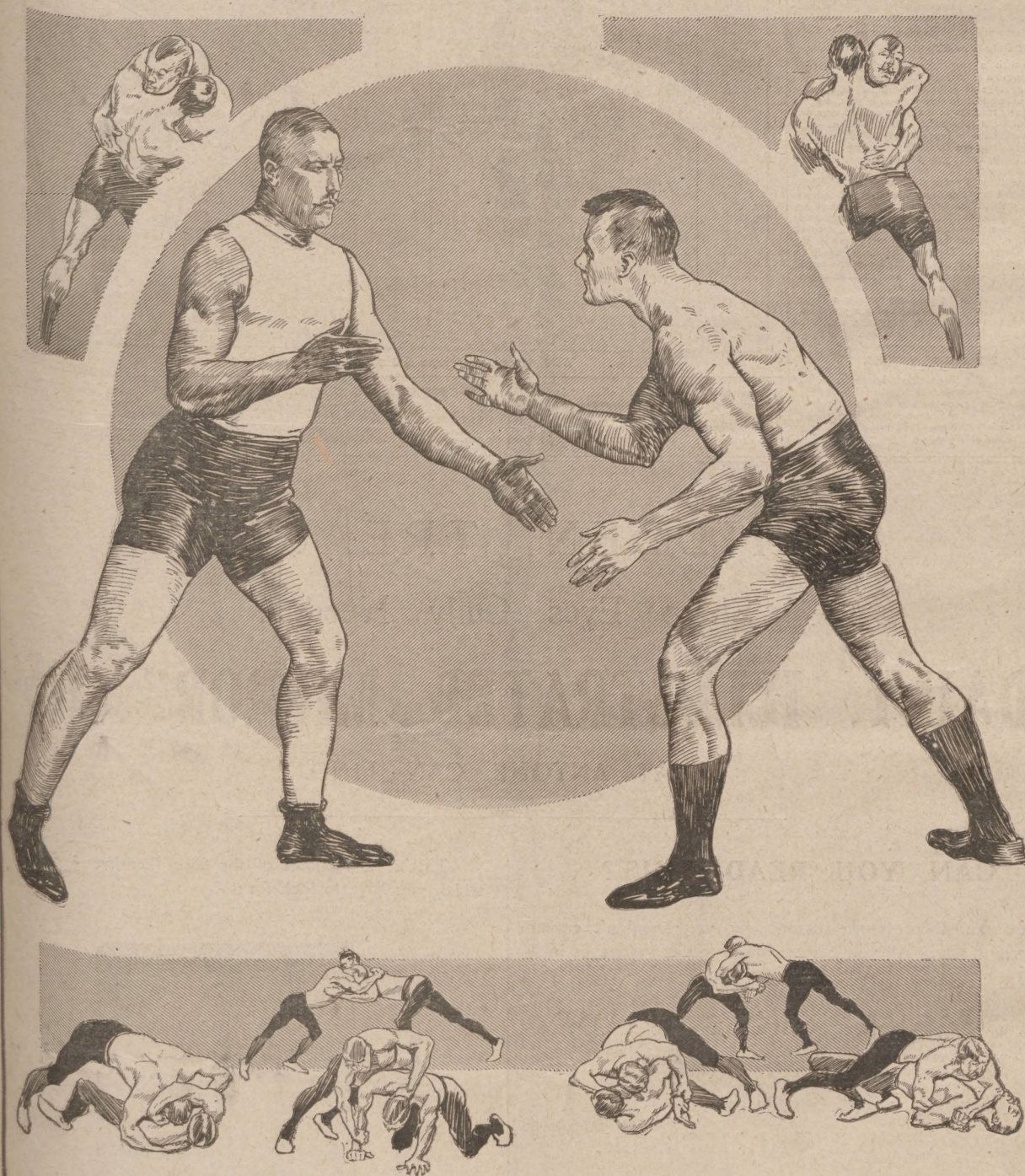
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SATURDAY, JANUARY 30, 1904.

One Halfpenny.

# HACKENSCHMIDT AND MADRALI'S DEMONSTRATION IN FORCE.



This evening at Olympia, thousands of enthusiasts will gather to see the great wrestling contest between Hackenschmidt, the "Russian Lion," and Madrali, the "Terrible Turk." No man yet in this country has been able to throw either of these Titans.



## DANCING THE WILD "KICKAPOO."

**New Craze That Has Ousted  
the Cake-Walk in Paris, and  
Will Shortly Invade  
London.**

(FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.)

PARIS, Friday.

Nobody has ever discovered what becomes of old moons when they die, and until recently there was the same doubt as to the ultimate destination of the cake-walk, but now we know. It has become a "kickapoo." This new dance, which will be in London before very long, and which is driving Paris kickapoo mad just at present, is an invention of the Elks, the founders of the cake-walk trust, and every night in the Casino de Paris their wild, weird shriek on entry brings a rush of bar hunters to the stalls again.

I am not going to describe the kickapoo, because I can't. It is a salad of the tarantella, St. Vitus's dance, the cake-walk, and red Indians gone mad, and is withal, not only crazy but distinctly picturesque. The troupe—for Mr. and Mrs. Elks engaged a troupe of real live Indians, squaws and all, and (when these proved too lazy) drilled white folk to take their places—glide slowly in, waving their hinder feet enthusiastically as they come. It sounds difficult, I know, but that is the effect.

Let the Pale-face Shudder!

Then with a war whoop which would strike terror into a pale-face audience were it not that the stage is some distance off, the music becomes fast and faster, and each pair, warrior and squaw, revolves in the same curious step, but to a mad waltz movement. This, in all its backwoods simplicity, is repeated ad libitum, and just as every foot in the audience is beating time, the Elks and their crowd group most picturesquely and the curtain drops.

But the show is not a stage show alone. Paris society has become quite an adept in the kickapoo already, and it is being danced in several drawing-rooms, either in the Indian dress, which is merely a matter of a good deal of leather and a crop of feathers, or in the usual evening garb of the twentieth century. The music-halls are parodying it; the dancing-halls are dancing it; and, worst of all, the street bands and the justly-named organs of Barbary play it in the streets.

I hear, too, that the Elks are writing a revue, or topical play, in which it is to play a prominent part, and that somewhere about the month of May they will be taking it to London.

#### RED CLOUD VANISHES.

Red Cloud, the Sioux chief, has gone to the happy hunting grounds. He died at Pine Ridge, in the long hut given to him by the American Government. Eighty-five years old, deaf, blind, and feeble-minded, it was hard to believe he was once the terror of Wyoming.

#### "BRING OUT YOUR DOGS."

"La Chenine" is the latest feature of the Paris streets (writes our correspondent). For some time past there has been under consideration a neat way of collecting stray dogs and taking them

taken round in the morning to the various police-stations, and the dogs that have been captured placed inside. On the first tour yesterday, twelve dogs were collected. The poor animals seemed to have a premonition of their fate, and resisted with barks and piteous looks their incarceration in the fatal "Chenine."

tionally, says the "Pall Mall Gazette" correspondent, Falstaff is genuinely amusing, but Prince Harry is unrecognisable. His fellow-actors call him "Arry." He is well named, for never a sorrier "boulder" appeared in the guise of a bedgiving king. There is not much to choose between Harry drunk and Harry sober, but the rapid

#### THE "KICKAPOO."



Wild dance of Warriors and Squaws—the latest Parisian craze.

to the pound. In default of an official "dog-cart," the Animals' Protection Society has provided a special vehicle containing twenty-eight cages of different dimensions, which are hidden from public view by a heavy leather curtain. The carriage is

#### FRENCH PRINCE "ARRY."

The French idea of Falstaff and Prince Hal, as seen at the Porte St. Martin Theatre, is hardly a success according to English ideas. Occa-

transition from one to the other makes us think that the author has found out a new drink cure.

Two young otters have been shot at Old Woking, and one of 14lb. trapped at Pangbourne.

## UNHIDDEN TREASURE.

Sharp Eyes Only Needed.

# "DAILY ILLUSTRATED MIRROR" DISCS

THAT ANYONE CAN FIND.

### CAN YOU READ THIS?

If you can, there is no reason why you shouldn't enrich yourself to-day. All you have to do is to use your eyes in—

**CHARING CROSS ROAD,  
LEICESTER SQUARE,  
BRIXTON ROAD,  
UPPER ST., ISLINGTON.**

These are the streets in which the "Daily Illustrated Mirror" discs—varying in value from 10s. to £5—are placed to-day. Wherever the discs may have been deposited in the various streets they are perfectly visible. All that is required to find them is a pair of sharp eyes.

This is a facsimile of the disc (bearing a secret mark which you have to look for:—



The finder of a disc, upon presenting it at the "Daily Illustrated Mirror" Office, 2, Carmelite Street, E.C.4, will receive in cash the value marked upon the disc.



The Royal United Service Institution were hoaxed into the belief that this silver statuette of Nelson, five feet high, was given to the Admiral by George III.



## DEATH THE REVEALER.

The Whereabouts of the Principal in a Sensational Case Disclosed by His Suicide.

A flat in St. Stephen's-mansions, Westminster, was, some little time ago, the scene of a series of exciting incidents, in which an ex-Army officer named Walter Meredyth Thomas figured as the principal character.

The police, in consequence of the story told to them, sought high and low for him in order to effect his arrest, but by means of a clever disguise he eluded all their vigilance. Yesterday Scotland Yard received information that Thomas had committed suicide at Monte Carlo.

The story of the affair in the Westminster flat is a strange one. Thomas had married a French lady of much beauty and charm, a sister of the Comte Gaston de Fleury. But the marriage proved a most unhappy one, and husband and wife separated.

Mrs. Thomas went to live in the flat in St. Stephen's Mansions, but her husband persisted in going there and causing her much annoyance. Eventually things came to such a pass that Mrs. Thomas obtained a summons against him for threatening her with a revolver.

A day or so later she received a letter purporting to come from a Lincoln's Inn firm of solicitors making overtures on Thomas's behalf for a settlement of the domestic difficulties.

## Betrayed by his Voice.

An appointment was made, and at the appointed hour Thomas, disguised as a solicitor of the old-fashioned type, and carrying a brief-bag, presented himself at the flat.

He produced his letters, and asked how much they were worth.

His voice, however, was recognised by Mrs. Thomas, and when she gave expression to her suspicions her disguised husband produced a revolver.

A terrible struggle ensued between Thomas and Mrs. Thomas's real solicitor, during which furniture was smashed. The solicitor was wounded in the hand by a bullet, and Thomas escaped hatless from the flat.

Nothing had been heard of him since until the news reached London yesterday from Monte Carlo that he had shot himself.

## MARRIAGE THAT WAS A MISTAKE.

"Leading Lady" Whose Happiness Was Rudely Dispelled.

When Mrs. Gertrude May Bandmann (née Evans) was married at St. Matthew's Church, Hammersmith, in October, 1895, to Mr. Maurice Edward Bandmann there seemed nothing but happiness before them. Both were in the theatrical profession, and some time later Mr. Bandmann took a company to the Mediterranean. While there he made the acquaintance of a lady, and his wife in 1898 received a letter from him.

In this he said she must have seen "that months ago and immediately after we were married we both had made a fatal error. We practically have not lived together for two years, and if we did so again," he added, "our existence would simply be a miserable one. I can say no more. If you want to free yourself from me I will render every assistance I can."

Matters did not improve, and the sequel came yesterday, when Mrs. Bandmann, who had been a "leading lady," sought a divorce by reason of the desertion and adultery of her husband. The President granted a decree nisi, with costs.

## POLICE SCANDAL.

Dismissal of Detective McCarthy Announced to the Force.

The Metropolitan Police authorities have now concluded their investigation of the serious allegations made against certain members of the force.

The Commissioner's decision has been embodied in the Police Orders, which have been read to the entire force. They contain the announcement that Detective-Inspector McCarthy, lately attached to the F, or Kensington, Division, has been dismissed the force.

As previously stated in the *Daily Illustrated Mirror*, it was alleged against the officer that he had been guilty of receiving bribes from book-makers.

McCarthy had seen twenty-five years' service, and in a short time would have become entitled to a retiring pension of £3 a week, which is now of course forfeited.

## THE BRIEF BAG.

Four summonses were granted yesterday on charges of bribery in connection with the Dover municipal election.

For having in stock uncooked potted meats a Birmingham manufacturing firm named Rider and Co. has been fined £10 and costs.

Edward Beall, who is charged with inciting a solicitor's clerk to steal papers belonging to his employer, was again remanded at Bow-street yesterday.

"It is hard lines that the public should be put to the expense of holding an inquest upon a person belonging to the 'Peculiar People' sect because of the view of the world," was a comment made by Coroner Hillyear yesterday.

A creditor urging his claim in Whitechapel County Court said the debtor sold £15 worth of caps in "Petticoat-lane" every Sunday, but the debtor placed his profits at six shillings. "Reductio ad absurdum," commented the Judge.

The alien defendant in Whitechapel County Court who acts as a slaughterman in the morning, a dealer in bread in the afternoon, and a teacher of Hebrew in the evening, professed ignorance of English, but the Judge quickly enlightened his understanding by remarking, "If you don't pay you will go to Wormwood Scrubs."

## SUICIDE BY TELEGRAPH.

Eloping Husband and Deserted Wife United in Death, After an Exchange of Messages.

(FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.)

GENEVA, Friday.

The elopement of a young man with his wife's friend has ended pathetically here. The case is of unusual interest from a psychological standpoint.

M. Edmond was a French insurance agent, happily married to a charming young wife in Paris. But the "other woman" made her appearance. She was one of Madame Edmond's most intimate friends, but the memories of their long intimacy were not sufficient to prevent her responding to the advances of the young husband. They

determined to elope, and came to Geneva. The wife was left heart-broken in Paris.

But, too late, the guilty husband regretted the step; the thought of his forsaken partner haunted him. Hardly had he set foot in the hotel there than he felt his load of remorse intolerable.

He sent a telegram to his wife; "Pardon; life ruined; good-bye," and then he blew out his brains.

In an hour came the reply, too late for the unhappy man to read. It ran: "Pardon; united in death; farewell." The lonely wife had committed suicide immediately after receiving her husband's telegram. The two deaths were within the same hour.

## DUEL IN A LONELY COPSE.

Inquest Opened on the Gamekeeper Slain in Affray with a Poacher.

The mystery of the deadly encounter in which Lord Falmouth's gamekeeper lost his life near Truro is not dispelled by the inquest which was opened yesterday.

The dead man is Henry Osmond, who is employed on Lord Falmouth's Cornish estate. An encounter with guns took place between the gamekeeper and a poacher named Robert Bullen, and Osmond was found lying dead. Bullen, who is wounded, confessed to shooting him.

The mystery of the case is this. Who fired the first shot? The poacher's life may hang on the reply to this question.

Bullen's gun, with both barrels empty, was discovered in an outshouse at a cottage he used to occupy near his present home. Both barrels of Osmond's gun, found by his side, were empty. On the ground near were an empty cartridge and an unused cartridge.

Bullen's story is that the gamekeeper fired first, and that he himself fired only one shot. He says, "I was in the wood and saw the keeper, and I attempted to run away. He fired at me, and I turned round and fired at him. I heard a noise, but I did not go back to see if he was living or dead. I know I struck him."

Bullen is still in a dangerous state, and has in his left thigh a wound large enough to receive a man's hand.

At the inquest yesterday the coroner (Mr. Carlyon) said at a later stage a witness would state that after Osmond was seen alive on Tuesday evening he heard three shots fired in rapid succession in the lonely covers where the body was found.

The body was identified by Lord Falmouth's head-keeper, and the inquest was adjourned for three weeks, by which time Bullen may be able to attend.

## KING AND TSAR.

His Majesty Could Stop Alien Immigration by a Personal Appeal.

Major Evans-Gordon, M.P., is the man who has done more than anyone else to bring the dangers of alien immigration before the public. He was the Royal Commission appointed, and did much to influence its recommendations. To him it was due that they went as far as they did, though that was not nearly so far as he would have liked them to go. However, this has not at all discouraged him.

In the February "National Review" Major Evans-Gordon makes a further remarkable suggestion. He points out that the root of the evil of the influx of aliens into this country is really in Russia, where "whole peoples—the Jews, the Finns, the Poles, the Armenians—develop into revolutionary or emigrant." What is wanted, therefore, is some representation to the Tsar which would cause persecution to cease, and this representation might come, Major Evans-Gordon suggests, with the greatest force from King Edward.

The lives and fate of all these people (he says) are in the hands of a single man. It seems incredible that, if he were made fully aware of the conditions which prevail among a large portion of his Jewish subjects—and all who are not of the orthodox faith have to endure similar evils—the Tsar, who is known to be tender-hearted and humane, would hesitate to say those few words which would instantly produce so beneficent a change in their lives.

If there is, then, to obtain a hearing from the Tsar and enlist his sympathy? I do not know what difficulties of Court etiquette and convention may be in the way—possibly they are insuperable—but, supposing that they can be surmounted, then it is open to his most gracious Majesty the King to render an incomparable service to humanity.

As to more immediate prospects of relief, Major Evans-Gordon says it seems probable that the Government will introduce a Bill this session, but "it is impossible to say what will be the nature of the measure."

## A JUDGE OF TONGUES.

During the hearing of the Denaby Colliery £150,000 claim yesterday Mr. Danckwerts complained that he could not hear one of the Welsh witnesses owing to his low voice, combined with the dialect.

Mr. Justice Lawrence said he could not help him with the dialect, but added, "Through going on the Northern Circuit I myself am somewhat used to it. If we had been in Wales Mr. Evans would have asked for an interpreter at once. What he has said is that a man called Brog, whose real name is Stacey, sometimes pretends to call himself 'Mow'."

The case was again adjourned.

Mr. Justice Bigham, in charging the Grand Jury at Manchester Assizes yesterday, referred to the cotton crisis, and said he could not help thinking that the present limited supply of American cotton would stimulate the production of the commodity in our own possessions.

## MISSING MISS MASSON.

Police And Her Friends Search Everywhere, But So Far Without Avail.

Anxiety increases concerning the fate which has befallen Miss Cora Masson, who mysteriously disappeared on Monday last from Stonecress, a village near Harpenden, where she had been staying with relatives.

It was known that the lady was dressed as if on a visit when she went out, and it is considered certain that if she had taken the train anywhere her departure would have been noticed. She had been staying with Mr. E. G. Masson, her married brother, and his wife, who all yesterday were busily engaged in a search that has so far proved futile.

If she had gone by road it seems almost incredible that no one should have noticed her, since it is not so very far either to St. Albans or, going by Bedford way, Luton. Inquiry made by the authorities in this direction were also fruitless, and for the moment hope is centred on a "clue" which it is felt must come to light before long. It is proposed to make a search of two ponds in the neighbourhood.

The missing lady has another brother, Mr. Alec Masson, living at North Finchley. She was not engaged to be married, though she had been engaged to a man, who three years ago, during the Boer war, was killed in action.

It is doubtful if Miss Masson had any money in her possession at the time of her disappearance.

## UNCONVERTED.

The Sad Story of a Motor-car that Would Not Go.

There was something almost pathetic about the story of a check to a motorist's enthusiastic advocacy of the joys of motoring, which was revealed to Mr. Justice Ridley and a common jury in the King's Bench division yesterday.

Mrs. Annie Fitzgerald, of Fairfax-road, Bedford Park, Chiswick, through the agency of her son, purchased from the Motor Car Co., Ltd., a Daciauville car for £150, which was warranted by Mr. Moffat Ford, the manager, to be new. Yesterday Mrs. Fitzgerald sought to recover damages on the allegation that the car was not new, and had often to be repaired, as it was not made of good material.

On one occasion, counsel said, Mr. Fitzgerald was subjected to great humiliation. He had taken two ladies for a ride, "to convert them to the cause," but the car broke down, and the two ladies went home "unconverted" by train.

The plaintiff's son, who gave evidence; said he was a student in a dental hospital. Asked whether it was not the case that he was taught to use tools in the mechanical department of the hospital, he replied that that was so.

Mr. Justice Ridley: On the patients?—Oh, no. The Judge: The only mechanical appliance I have seen at the dentist's is the nasty thing he puts on your tooth and turns round.

Counsel explained that dental students received a good instruction in the use of mechanical appliances.

Mr. Ford gave evidence to the effect that the motor-car was perfectly new when supplied to the plaintiff, and that the defects subsequently discovered in the car were due to its being driven by an inexperienced person, and not to bad materials or bad workmanship.

The jury found a verdict for the defendants.

## MUSIC AND INDIGESTION.

Music during meals is one of the attractions held out by the principal restaurants in soliciting patronage.

Signor Giovanni Deruli was evidently acquainted with the practice, and he selected Finborough-road at the luncheon hour as a place where a loud-toned stringed instrument—to wit a piano-organ—would find ready appreciation. Unfortunately, he must have played the wrong tune, as Miss Marion Brown, described as "a literary lady," complained to the magistrate at West London Police Court yesterday that the music gave her indigestion.

It would be interesting to know which particular melody failed to assimilate with exactly what dish. It is evident that a quick-march tune is more suitable for the consumption of a tough steak than an ice cream, and that a slow, dreamy melody should never accompany a doubtful fish course.

Gastronomic inquirers must remain unsatisfied, but the gentle Italian has learnt as much experience as can be expected for an eight-shilling fish with "two costs."

## A NICE DISTINCTION.

Judge Edge critically analyses and corrects a popular error. He says, "Too much is very different from saying he had had enough. Be very careful before you say a man is drunk because he has had enough, because that is the exact stage that the sober, steady man leaves off at."

## MR. WRIGHT'S FUNERAL.

To Be Buried With Christian Rites By the Vicar of Witley in the Parish Churchyard.

At half-past one this afternoon the mortal remains of the late Mr. Whitaker Wright will be conveyed from the Lower House, Lea Park, where they are now lying, to their last resting-place in the village churchyard of Witley.

Considerable doubt has existed as to whether the body could be buried with religious rites in consecrated ground. As is well known, it used to be the custom to bury persons against whom a verdict of "suicide" had been returned at cross-purposes to a stake driven through the body. This barbarous practice was abolished by Statute in 1828, but from that date to 1882 it was "between nine and twelve" at night, without any religious rites. Since 1882 the law has allowed that such may be buried by daylight and with such Christian and orderly religious service as the person having charge of the body thinks fit.

## The Rubric Forbids.

But it was doubted whether a Church of England minister would officiate at this funeral. Archdeacon Sinclair declared it was impossible, pointing out that above the order for the burial of the dead there is the following rubric:—

Here it is to be noted that the office ensuing is not to be used for any that die unbaptized, or ex-communicate, or have laid violent hands upon themselves.

"All consecrated ground," added the Archdeacon, "belongs to the Church, and that rubric forbids the Church to have anything to do with the burial in this case."

On the other hand, the Rev. R. J. Campbell, of the City Temple, said he had buried a suicide before, and would do it again.

However, all doubt has now been set at rest by the Rev. E. J. Seymour, vicar of the parish church of Witley, who last night stated that he would himself conduct the funeral service at his church, and that the remains of the deceased would be buried in Witley churchyard.

The funeral will be of the simplest character. Mrs. Wright is far too ill to be present, and the family will be represented by Mr. Whitaker Wright, the dead man's son.

## ANOTHER RADIUM WONDER.

How it May Be Used to Make Operations Unnecessary.

Some extremely interesting experiments with radium have been made (says Reuters) in medical circles in Vienna, and a new and valuable application of this precious substance has been revealed. The professor Gussenbauer has discovered that the application of radium, in certain cases, can cure the oesophagus, causing growth and bring about disintegration of the malignant cells.

His latest operation consisted in placing in the lower end of a bougie pipe, through which containing sixty milligrams of radium, and applying the pipe to the part affected, radium rays were sent for some time. By means of this operation the patient is enabled to take food as usual, and this obviates the necessity for an operation for the introduction of food into the stomach.

The use of the radium, however, direct. The use of too much radium would cause such rapid destruction of the ulcer that the oesophagus itself might be perforated.

## ALLEGATIONS OF PERJURY.

The summonses granted against Sergeant Alfred Williams and Constables Croxson and Taylor (Division) on the information that they had committed perjury in connection with the prosecution of John Taylor, a commission agent, for the murder of the Greenwich magistrate for beat 26, came before the Greenwich magistrate yesterday.

Sergeant Williams swore that on November 24 and 25, 1903, the police alleged that he had received betting slips in Trafalgar-square, and that he was away respectively at the Erleigh races and the funeral of a friend.

The hearing was adjourned.

## CITY'S DAY OF DISAPPOINTMENTS.

There was depression on the Stock Exchange yesterday, for, in spite of earlier rumours to the effect that Japanese houses had received favourable news from Tokio, the war prospects were gloomily regarded.

Moreover, there has been some more forced selling of weak speculators' accounts in both Paris and London. In the circumstances it was too much to expect that Consols and other investment securities should be advanced.

Moreover, the new issue of the Treasury's £100 million of high-class four per cent. stocks in January, and the unsatisfactory financial position of the Bank of England, have had a depressing effect on the market.

Other disappointments were caused by the fact that the Great Northern distributions were not so good as expected, and so there was selling of the stock.

Which investment business has during the last few days fallen off very considerably.

American Rails are quite an engineered market, now, but they are very interesting to put with the big ones. The big ones were at work today, and the market was too much for them. The market was too much for them. The market was too much for them.

The bad weather conditions in Canada have exercised a depressing influence on the Canadian market. The very heavy interest in the Canadian market, and the fact that the Canadian market is very much depressed, has had a depressing effect on the market.

The silver market can help Mexico, and the fact that the silver market is very much depressed, has had a depressing effect on the market.

If the silver market is very much depressed, the fact that the silver market is very much depressed, has had a depressing effect on the market.

The working of the Anglo-American Telephone and Cable Co. is a very interesting market. The fact that the Anglo-American Telephone and Cable Co. is a very interesting market, has had a depressing effect on the market.

The market was astonished to see a \$5.00 dividend. The fact that the market was astonished to see a \$5.00 dividend, has had a depressing effect on the market.

Deferred, as it had expected nothing better. The fact that the market was astonished to see a \$5.00 dividend, has had a depressing effect on the market.

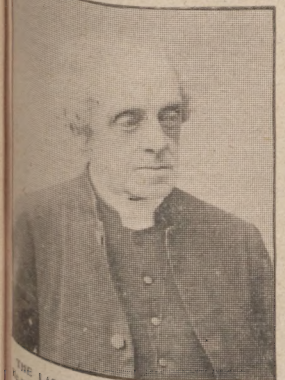


# PICTURES AND PORTRAITS ILLUSTRATING YESTERDAY'S NEWS.

## PEER-RECTOR DEAD.

### Romantic Family History of the Earl of Devon.

The Earl of Devon, who died yesterday morning at his residence at Starcross, was the oldest member of England's clergyman engaged in active work. Though ninety-three years old, he regularly occupied the pulpit at Powderham, near Exeter, of which parish he was rector. The Earl,



THE LATE REV. THE EARL OF DEVON.  
He was rector of Powderham, and owned about 53,100 acres, which he inherited from his father, the Rev. Sir H. H. Courtenay, B.A.  
Photo by Barnard.

was also a Prebendary of Exeter Cathedral, and Powderham Castle the most magnificent in the United Kingdom.

The Earl was born in London on July 15, 1811 (St. Patrick's Day), and was educated at Westminster and Merton. He married in 1835 Lady Maria Leslie, daughter of the eleventh Marquis of Rothes, who died in 1897. He owned 53,100 acres, and his heir is the Hon. Charles Courtenay, his grandson, who is thirty-

three years of age. The late peer was the thirteenth Earl and Baronet of Devon, and the earldom is one of the oldest in the kingdom. Sir Hugh de Courtenay, the first Earl, was created a Baron in the Parliament of 1295. In 1556 the title became dormant, but was only revived in 1831, when, through the studies of the great genealogical authority, Thomas Nichols, who became ninth Earl. This nobleman, who was studying the patent of nobility, discovered the omission of two Latin words which appeared in such documents to bar the succession of the earldom. After a stiff fight in the House of Lords the contention was upheld, and the history of the princely house of Courtenay was restored.

The earls were steadfast adherents of the House of York and Lancastrian wars; and the title lost their heads after Lancaster's defeat, and the estates and honours were restored to the family by Acts of Attainder.



Mlle. Jeanne Dubrulle.  
Maid of Honour to the fishwife Queen. When she is not in attendance at Court she will be glad to sell to any one in Paris.

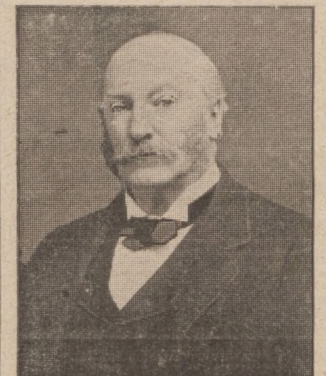
With the final triumph of the Red Rose at Bosworth, the greatness of the family was for a time restored, but there was further imprisonment and decapitation under that artist in tyranny, Henry VIII., and the earldom lapsed with the death of the ill-fated Edward Courtenay, who, after spending years in the Tower, was released, only to be re-imprisoned for connection with Wyatt's rebellion in the reign of Queen Mary. Regarded as a likely husband for the Princess (afterwards Queen) Elizabeth, he finally died unmarried abroad, and with him the direct line expired. The collateral branch, however, played a distinguished part in subsequent history.

## QUEEN OF THE FISHWIVES.

Her Majesty of the Marche des Carmes Receives Mr. Mirror.

(FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.)  
PARIS, Friday.

"Can I see Mademoiselle Louise Rousseau?"  
"Ah, Monsieur wants to see her Majesty? Monsieur is a journalist, no doubt?" And, with the



LORD RAYLEIGH.  
He divides his time between his dairies and his scientific studies. He discovered argon, and he sells very good milk.  
Photo by Elliott & Fry.

assurance that her Majesty will be delighted to receive the *Daily Illustrated Mirror* representative and his faithful photographer, I am escorted to the presence.

The Queen of the Fishwives, the first of the Mi-Carmes Majesties to be elected, rose to the purple late last night as Queen of the Marche des Carmes. Like Madame Angot of old time, Mademoiselle Rousseau is a vendor of the scaly monsters of the deep, a charming and pretty girl, brown-eyed, black-haired, and merry. Her maids



Mlle. Louise Rousseau.  
The Queen of the Fishwives, the first royal lady elected for the Mi-Carmes festival.

of honour are Mesdemoiselles Armandine Jumel and Jeanne Dubrulle, the last-named selling fruit, not fish.  
All three are somewhat naturally excited at the honour shown them, excited at the prospect of the new dress and gold bracelet which the market will present to them, excited at the possibility of being kissed by President Loubet, and, perhaps more than all, excited at the prospect of their procession

## READY-PULL.



Mr. Percy Doone, a noted pigeon shot and the winner of many handicaps.

through the streets of Paris on the afternoon of Mi-Carmes.

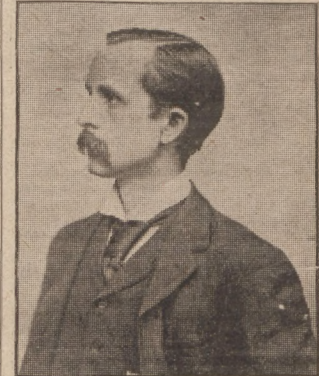
"But I must not allow my coming honours to interfere with to-day's business," suddenly exclaimed her Majesty. "Monsieur would like a pair of soles? Or place are very good this morning." And with a nod, a gleam of white teeth, and a laughing flash from those brown eyes of hers, her Majesty has laid all thoughts of royalty aside and is a fishwife once again.

## ALWAYS MOVING ON.

In the February "Cornhill Magazine" Mr. Frederic Harrison compares the life of a family living not far out of London in the early years of the nineteenth century with present day life, and comes to the conclusion that "life eighty or a hundred years ago was very much like the life of to-day; that before penny posts, railways, and ocean-going steamers, families living in modest ease, in pure country air, came into London for the theatre and opera, though they came on a coach instead of in a motor."

It would appear that the increased facilities for moving about have not in truth made life any cheaper, because the temptation to be always on the move is irresistible and constant movement has become almost a disease for most of us today. The penny post, too, has certainly increased the money spent on postage, as it has increased a thousand fold our correspondence. The marvellous material facilities by which we are surrounded have bred in us new wants, and have produced a new race of men and women; true, our travelling

costs less, but then we travel so much more that, like the guests at the Mad Hatter's tea-party, we are always moving on.



MR. J. M. BARRIE.  
The playwright who draws more royalties than any other English writer, is now rehearsing another play.  
Photo by Elliott & Fry.

## HIS MAJESTY'S NEW 'CHASER.



Hackbutt, the King's latest purchase in Ireland, has been entered for the Maiden Plate at Punches'own.



# WHERE TO LOOK FOR TREASURE TO-DAY.

More People Who Kept their Eyes Open and Found Lucky "Mirror" Discs In Unheard-of Spots.

## Tea Shops, Omnibuses, and Drinking Fountains Were Among the Curious Places Where Luck Lay Hidden Yesterday.

The Unhidden Treasure of the *Daily Illustrated Mirror* has created a sensation.

A newly-landed foreigner would imagine Londoners the most inquisitive people on earth. And so they are—just now.

Yesterday morning, as they went to work, business men were seen looking under the seats in the



MISS MARIE DAINTON'S DRESSER. She was given the disc which that charming actress found.

trains, on the hat racks, and in the ash-trays in the "smokers."

Every square inch of 'bus and tram was scrutinised with the care of a housewife searching for a cob-web.

"It's a poor game for me," said a 'bus driver, "Ere am I, drivin' past the bloomin' treasure all day long, and can't get at it. I'm strapped on the old 'bus, I am."

"That's where I come in," chuckled his conductor, "I ain't grumbling."

But the funniest scene was in the Trocadero Restaurant.

At lunch time on Thursday a waiter named Brenner found a £5 disc on one of the tables. Only one customer had sat at that table, and the staff were unanimously of the opinion that she must have "planted" that disc.

Yesterday the whole staff searched the Trocadero inch by inch. Managers were seen peering under tables, and pretending that they were only



GEORGE ROBSON. The small bookstall boy who was in luck yesterday.

looking for serviettes. Waiters were unusually interested in flower-pots, and small messenger-boys found that the floor was a more interesting study than the ceiling.

Suddenly everyone was on the alert. The mysterious lady of the day before had appeared again. Never were waiters so attentive, or managers so anxious to see to a customer's comfort.

She lunched; she left. Her table was practically devastated—but all in vain. The staff would now be delighted to know whether it was the same lady customer.

### Where to Look To-day.

To-day fresh discs have been dropped in Charing Cross-road, Leicester-square, Brixton-road, and Upper-street, Islington. All that is

needed to find them is to keep one's eyes open. They are simply waiting to be picked up.

Of the discs distributed on Thursday one is still to be found. It was dropped in Chesapeake.

Of the discs scattered yesterday only two have yet been claimed, and keen eyes may find those which are still in Cornhill, Throgmorton-street, Regent-street, and Piccadilly.

Full particulars of the discs will be found on page 2.

At the *Daily Illustrated Mirror* offices the procession of lucky disc finders started before ten o'clock yesterday morning.

The first arrival was Mr. J. King, of 185, Tottenham-court-road. Mr. King went into the British Tea Table depot in Tottenham-court-road to get a cup of tea. What was his surprise to find a dull leaden disc on the table.

He knew he was in luck at once, for he had heard all about the *Daily Illustrated Mirror* discs. Everybody had been talking of them all day. Still, he never expected to find one in such an absurdly obvious place as that, which is what all the luckier finders say.

### Envied by His Schoolfellows.

For sheer delight, Master John Jackson, who appeared next, would be hard to beat. At fourteen years of age an unexpected 10s. is a fortune.

Jackson is a pupil at the People's Palace School, in the Mile End-road, and when he left school, soon after four, he found his disc in the vestibule, and showed it to an admiring crowd of his fellows.

Opinions as to what the find might be were many, for a mysterious piece of metal which promises ten shillings is without precedent in school-boy lore.

Young Jackson, resisting all tempting offers of "swops," took the disc safely home among a pocketful of other boyish treasures. Now he is a capitalist.

The next disc which was claimed had been found



"Dumpy Dick" found a "Mirror" disc. He is now "Jolly Joseph."

in an Aerated Bread shop in the Strand. A porter named C. Close was the lucky man. As he was walking upstairs, about 11 o'clock, there was the disc on the steps. Dozens of people must have walked over it, and within eight or ten feet were two men at work on a new lift.

The man who kept his eyes open had changed it into money within half an hour. The dirty



GEORGE CATCHPOLE. A lucky coal-porter, who found a disc in the Edgware Road.

weather was the cause of John Maryn's luck. He lives at 26, Blachynden-road, Notting Hill, and is an omnibus attendant.

As a result of the weather, Maryn had to put a new leather on the brake of a "John Bull" 'bus outside the Eagle Tavern, Bayswater. The new



CHAS. H. PEARMAN. Who found £5 in a drinking fountain.

leathers are kept under the seat cushions, and there Maryn found his disc.

"What's this 'ere?" said Maryn, who thought he was being hoaxed.

"Not much!" said he later, when the conductor offered him three half-crowns for it. "If it's worth

luck which has befallen Mr. Charles H. Pearman, of 77, The Common, Upper Clapton.

Mr. Pearman was thirsty, and made his way to the fountain in the forecourt of the Protocol Buildings in Holborn. He forgot his thirst in his surprise. At the bottom of the tin cup was a *Mirror* disc for £5.

To put it mildly, you never do know your luck. Mr. Pearman knows part of his now, at any rate, and it takes the form of a five pound note.

George Catchpole, of 9, Little Clarendon-street, Somers Town, was plying his regular vocation as a coal porter in the Edgware-road, when he too joined the noble army of those whose luck is in the Strand, is one pound richer to-day than he had expected to be. Not that he found the *Daily Illustrated Mirror* disc, but Mr. Edward Lewis, of 6, Witherington-road, Highbury, did, and cheerfully passed on his find.

Mr. Levi was coming up the stairs from the smoking-room when he noticed the disc leaning up against one of the hannister posts. He was prepared to find the Unhidden Treasure almost anywhere, but he did not expect it there. Besides, it was rather mysterious. Either the disc had been there some time, in which case quite a number of people must be as blind as the proverbial bat, or else the disc had materialised out of thin air.

Mr. Levi is still debating the point, but that has not prevented the golden sovereign being paid for it.

### Won by a Head.

Next came Mr. Morris Edwards, a painter, of 8, Haldane-road, Fulham.

Mr. Edwards sought and found what he was seeking. Moreover, he found his disc within three seconds of another seeker's failing to find it.

He had walked over from Fulham to Wandsworth-road on purpose to find that disc, and just



MORRIS EDWARDS. His eyes were sharp enough to find treasure when others had failed.

in front of him was another seeker, who clearly did not possess such keen eyes.

Near the Vauxhall end of the Wandsworth-road Mr. Edwards saw his rival peer at the doorway in a hoarding. The rival passed on. Not so Mr. Edwards, for a ten shilling disc was lying on the doorstep.

To-day Mr. Edwards is chuckling to himself. His rival is probably consulting an oculist.

The smallest treasure-finder on record followed Mr. Edwards into the office.

A walking-stick and a twelve-inch ruler together are appreciably taller than he is, but he thought himself a big man for his inches when he presented his disc.

*Mirror* readers, who are anxious to make his acquaintance will find him in charge of the bookstall at Camden-road Station. Round his cap is a ribbon, with the legend "W. H. Smith and Sons."

Yesterday he spent his "time off" looking for unhidden treasure in Camden-road, and, probably owing to the fact that his eyes are a couple of feet nearer to the ground than most people's, he found the disc, which represented 10s., lying near the side of the road.

In private life he answers to the name of George



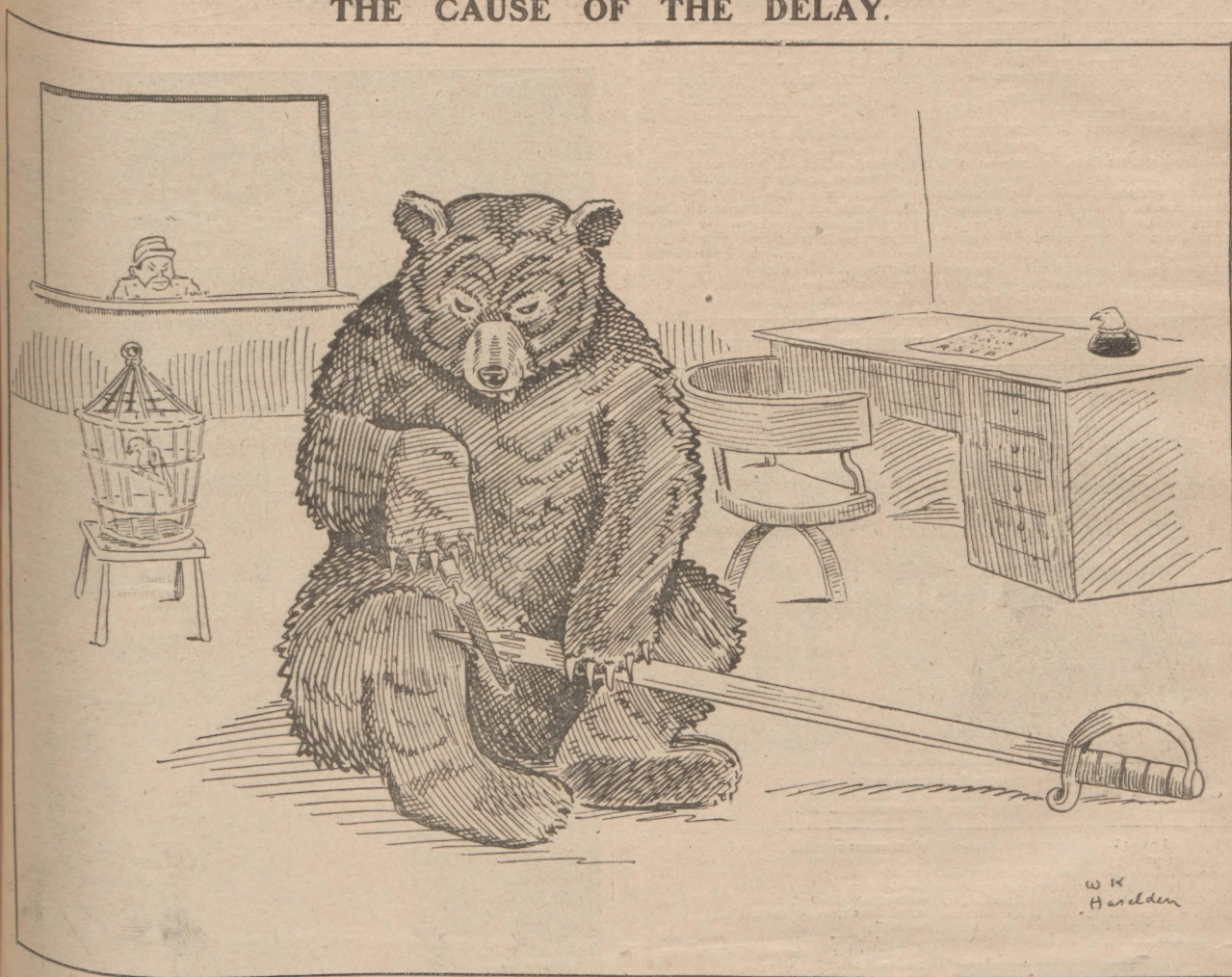
JOHN MARY. He found a lucky disc under the cushions in 'bus.

Robson, and lives at 33, Prince of Wales-road, Kentish Town.

After fourteen years of life he had invested five shillings in the Post Office Savings Bank. Yesterday's luck has raised his account to fifteen shillings.



# THE CAUSE OF THE DELAY.



Why the bear has been so long answering—he has been making his pen.

## The Daily Illustrated Mirror.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 30, 1904.

### TO-DAY'S REFLECTIONS.

#### The Incompetence of the Expert.

All who have ever suffered under the pomposity of the expert must have chuckled with delight when they read the story of the Nelson statuette in the "Daily Mail." Here was a little work, executed by a student of moderate ability only two years ago, which was "pronounced by experts to be early nineteenth century, and the modelling exceptionally fine." It was obviously wrong in one particular, for it represented Nelson with two eyes, whereas it was supposed to have been made as a memento of the Battle of the Nile, when he had only one! And it was obviously modern in another respect, for the eye was carved in a manner unknown to the sculptors of a hundred years ago.

Yet the experts solemnly agreed that it was what it pretended to be, and a number of distinguished people, including the King and the Prince of Wales, were induced to subscribe towards its purchase, and it was placed in the United Service Institution with a label stating that it had been presented to Nelson by King George III. What a revelation of incompetence! We made fun enough of our neighbours the French when the Louvre bought a modern tiara lately, in the belief that it dated thousands of years back. Now they have the laugh of us.

The two incidents, however, are specially useful, coming so close together. They show how futile it is to trust people who say they know. "The man who has been there" is nearly always a fraud, simply because he feels that he can only keep up his reputation by pretending to be omniscient. The expert in any line whatever is in the same case—and a hard case it is. If he admits that he may make mistakes, no one believes in him. Yet

if he claims infallibility, he is sure to trip some day or other, as in these two cases, and to have to face the mocking laughter of an unsympathetic world.

#### THE HORSE'S TRIUMPH.

The whirligig of Time still brings in its revenges. The very day that saw the sale of the last of the horses which used to run on the southern L.C.C. tram lines brought also the news of the hideous motor-car accident on the Riviera. "The passing of the horse?" one can imagine timid people saying. "No, indeed, we will not let him pass if the alternative is to risk our lives every time we go out for a drive." They quite forget, of course, that there have been any accidents to horse-drawn carriages. But that is the way of the world. The new thing is always distrusted; the old thing is clung to as long as possible. The horse's triumph over this piece of bad news is but momentary. Motor accidents are very few nowadays, and the new era of self-propelled locomotion for everybody cannot be long delayed.

## BREAKFAST TABLE TALK.

Somebody appears to have got a fall out of the United Service Institution by means of a Nelson that was not all there. A half-Nelson, in fact.

Since the finding of a large eel in a puddle in Moorgate-street the Corporation have determined to preserve the fishing rights in City thoroughfares.

A correspondent writes to say that while searching for a Daily Illustrated Mirror disc in the mud on the Thames Embankment he found a valuable motor-car and several other useful articles. We do not guarantee the truth of this statement, which is probably exaggerated.

The "Matin" has purchased the tent used by Col. Marchand on his journey to Fashoda, and intend to offer it to the Army museum. This is surely an untactful proceeding—and after we had renamed Fashoda, too, in deference to French susceptibilities. What about the entente cordiale?

An objection has been raised by a contemporary to the action of Madrali, who is said to be praying and fasting in order to secure the victory to-night. Hackenschmidt, however, is understood to be ready to allow Madrali, who is only a heathen, to

pray as much as he likes, while in the matter of fasting the Russian is also willing to permit his antagonist to go to any length. If Madrali fasted even for a month on end Hackenschmidt would still be confident of victory.

The "Law Times" falls somewhat heavily on Judge Emden, and suggests that a full inquiry should be held into the way in which that gentleman conducts the business of his court. Surely this is unnecessary. The High Court has given him a wiggling which should help him to keep his hair on in future.

The combined free library, police-station, and fire-station opened at Chapeltown, Leeds, has already proved a great success. It is reported that a man who persisted in smoking in the library was extinguished by the fire brigade and subsequently run into the police-station on a charge of causing damage to public property.

A West End detective inspector has been removed from his position for taking bribes from bookmakers. The officials at Scotland Yard came to the conclusion that the inspector's readiness to accept tips from bookies argued a lack of business ability and an ignorance of human nature that unfitted him for a post.

The Gulf liner Willow Branch, thirteen days overdue from St. Vincent, has arrived at Liverpool. Seventy guineas reinsurance had been paid.

He stood apart upon the shore  
To see the ship come home,  
The ship that braved the tempest's roar,  
The angry billows' foam.  
He watched the mother clasp her boy,  
With heart too full to speak,  
And silently a tear of joy  
Coursed down his manly cheek.  
And yet among the happy band  
No friend he seemed to cry:  
No comrade gripped him by the hand,  
No loved one drew him nigh.  
Amid their joy he seemed to be  
On other things intent,  
A simple underwriter  
At ninety-six per cent.

Two men are at present under remand charged with attempting to steal money out of a telephone-box. The proprietor of the shop hearing them call for a number which did not exist locked the door of the box and called for the police. The language overheard at the Exchange is said to have been all records in the possession of the telephone company.

#### NEXT PLEASE.

Among minor notifications of the latest "Gazette" is one depriving the Montgomeryshire house sparrow of any benefit under the Wild Birds' Protection Act, 1880.

An intimation is also made, in connection with quarantine regulations, that Bushire is the only port on the Persian Gulf possessing a stove.

### AMUSEMENTS.

**HAYMARKET.** TO-DAY at 3 and 9.  
JOSEPH ENTANGLED.  
By Henry Arthur Jones.  
PERFORMED EVERY WEDNESDAY and SATURDAY, 2.20.

**THE MAJESTY THEATRE.** MR. TREE.  
TO-DAY at 2.15 and EVERY EVENING at 8.15.  
By David Belasco and John Luther Long.

**THE DARLING OF THE GODS.**  
PERFORMED EVERY WEDNESDAY and SATURDAY, 2.15.  
Last 15 Performances.  
By David Belasco and John Luther Long.

**IMPERIAL THEATRE.** MR. LEWIS WALLER.  
MONSIEUR BEAUCAIRE.  
Last 15 Performances.  
TO-DAY at 2.15 and EVERY EVENING at 8.15.

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### PERSONAL.

**LOST AND FOUND.** A watch bought for cash—Catchpole and Co., 540, Oxford-street, London, W., are prepared to buy second hand plate and jewelry to any amount. Goods sent from the country receive immediate attention.

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### NOTICES TO READERS.

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### SUBSCRIPTION RATES.

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## PARIS ARTISTES RACE AT MIDNIGHT.

## BEAUTY IN COMMITTEE.

Pretty Paris Actresses Prepare for the Marche des Minuinettes.

(FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.)

PARIS, Friday.

With beauty at the helm, and pleasure in the prow, Paris is expecting more than a little fun from Sunday morning's March of the Minuinettes—the actresses in Paris theatres whose work keeps them employed till midnight. They will race first and then dance till pretty late on Sunday morning.

Yesterday, at the Moulin Rouge, the committee for this novel gymkhana, composed of the prettiest women on the Paris stage, met for tea and final arrangements. Madame Liane de Pougy took

## "JUST LESS THAN SAGE."

Things Mr. Justice Grantham Had Better Left Unsaid.

An unkind critic, in the person of Mr. J. H. Johnstone, M.P., says, with regard to Mr. Justice Grantham's remarks on the licensing question:—"However, he often says foolish things, and nobody is the worse for it."

One is tempted to look through the record of the Judge's career for confirmation of this cutting statement, and it must be granted that his lordship's obiter dicta are often more remarkable for their zeal than their discretion.

"In the Robson controversy, I am told, he said, 'that about 25 per cent. of people accused

## HIS HOLINESS THE POPE.



The new Pontiff who has startled the Vatican by bringing things up to date. To the astonishment of the old-fashioned officials, he asked some of his lady relatives to dinner within the precincts of the Papal palace.

## A GATHERING OF FRENCH BEAUTIES.



All the best known and most popular French lady variety artistes joined the committee of the Marche des Minuinettes, the fete in which their poorer sisters of the stage join in the small hours of to-morrow morning.

the chair, and poured out eloquence and tea combined. The weighty matter of costume was definitely decided, the Rabelaisian motto, "Fais que voudras" (which in this case we may translate "wear what you please"), being adopted unanimously, and the various items of to-morrow's contest were fixed before the programme went off to the printers. The Minuinettes will climb a greasy

of crime are acquitted, but not more than 5 per cent. are innocent. How are those 20 per cent. got off? Why, by counsel endeavouring to attract the attention of the jury from the strong points made against them at the trial, and thereby raising what we speak of in a technical sense as false issues."

In the course of one month he perpetrated a warning to the public "never to take a cheque from a bookmaker," an announcement that farmers are wholly ignorant of their own business, and finally fell foul of Lady Harberton by his advice to husbands on boxing their wives' ears. Apropos to the Poor Prisoners' Defence Bill, Sir William unburdened himself as follows:

Many a man likes to have a run for his money, but how many more would like to have a run without any money.

He is reputed to have said in the course of a libel case that—

He disliked the Roman Catholic faith as much as anybody, but he had to see that the law was not used improperly against Roman Catholics or anybody else.

In a hockey match played at Bath one side was composed entirely of members of a family named Saunders, who were successful by seven goals to three.



MR. C. B. FRY.  
The celebrated athlete and sporting journalist. Lecturing on football he said a referee was "the twelfth man on a side."

(Photo by Reinhold Thiele.)

pole, will race upon electric bicycles upon a ten-yard track, will join in a tug of war, and finally will be invited to compete in a "Concours de Jambes, of which I shall have more to tell you when I have seen it. With ladies such as Mesdames Liane de Pougy, Edith Whitney, Marville, Dorgère, and De Leka steering, the good ship "Pleasure" cannot fail to have a most successful voyage.

## FAIR "MIDNIGHTERS."



Some of the principal ladies who will join in the Minuinettes' festival. In the centre is Liane de Pougy (she was in England not long ago), the president of the revels. On her right sits Marion Winchester, a famous fair-haired beauty. (L.A. Bonfigli.)



# ARE DANGEROUS FEATS "DISGUSTING SIGHTS"?

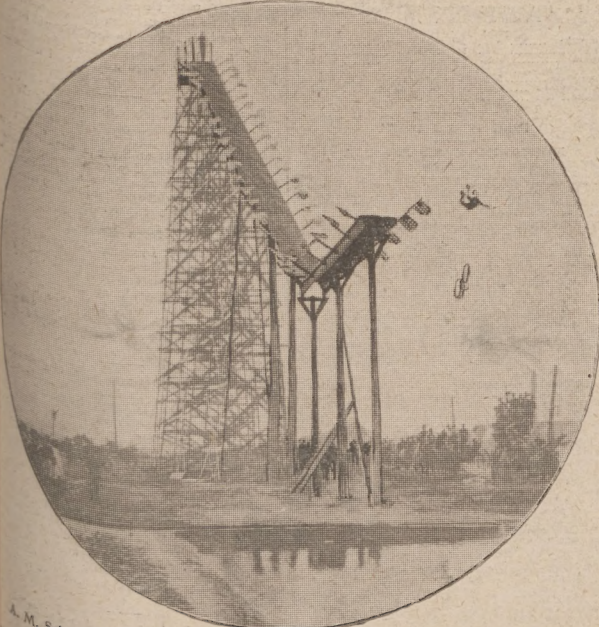
Men and Women Who Risk Their Lives Merely to Make People Stare.

"Disgusting performances," Sir Algernon West, chairman of the Theatres and Music-Halls Committee of the London County Council, has dubbed the dangerous exhibitions as "Looping the Loop" and the "Plunging Elephants" at the Hippodrome. He was asked at a recent meeting

many registered a vow never to assist in such a performance again? From prehistoric times man has delighted in watching another risk his life as a form of amusement. Frank Caldwell and Tom Butler's famous "stunt" on cycles round two wheels set parallel to each other is infinitely more exciting to some than "looping the loop," because it seems slightly more dangerous from the moment that the two men get up speed on the little revolving platform to the final rush round.

Other dangerous performances going on now include E. D. Doan's tight-rope walk on an auto-

## A DREADFUL DROP.



A. M. Schreyer in mid-air as he drops 103ft., after shooting the chute on a cycle and throwing his machine from under him.

The Council whether something could not be done to stop such performances, but he further stated his committee had no power in the matter. Whether the word "disgusting" is the right one or not depends upon the individual point of view. Some people might think that the adjective is applicable to the crowded audiences who expose themselves by watching a fellow risk his life in order to tickle their senses. How many of the people who witnessed the performance to Miss Alix the other day secretly wished they had had their money's worth, or how

car travelling up an inclined plane at a high rate of speed and Dana Thompson's 90ft. leap from the top of a ladder into a tank of water. This last show takes place in the open street, and he who wills may come to see. Surely one of the most sensational free shows ever given.

A dive and cycle feat combined is performed by A. M. Schreyer, who shoots the chute on a cycle, and when he leaves the final upward curve of the platform throws his machine from under him and plunges with sprawling arms and legs into a tank of water below.

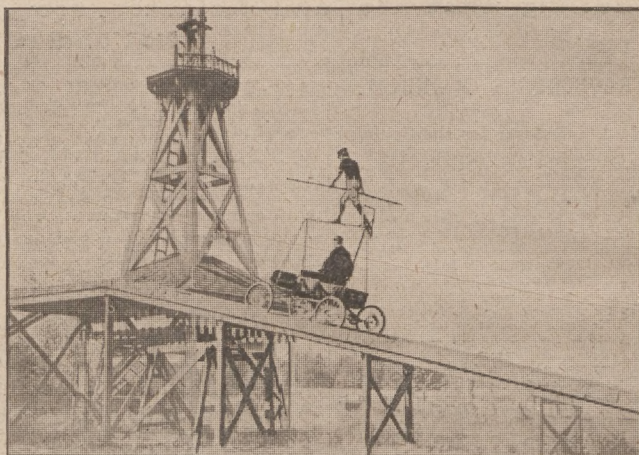
All these men risk their lives for the sake of

## DOING A STARTLING "STUNT."



Frank Caldwell and Tom Butler in their sensational cycle feat—the breath of the spectators is held in suspense at the final dizzy rush round.

## A TIGHT-ROPE TERROR.



E. D. Doan walks a tight-rope on a motor car, travelling at a racing pace up an inclined plane.

## DANGER IN THE OPEN STREET.



Freely, and for all passers-by along the road to see, Dana Thompson leaps 90ft. from the top of a ladder into a tank of water.

gain, but the elephants at the Hippodrome are forced willy-nilly through their show, but they sometimes get their own back in days to come.

### NON-COMBUSTIBLE BALLET GIRLS.

A lighted match applied to an Alhambra ballet girl will pass unnoticed now that everything connected with the productions of that enterprising management is made fireproof by being treated with a new solution.

Scenery, costumes, properties, and the very boards themselves have all been treated. At a series of experiments that were conducted yesterday experts were invited to set everybody and everything on fire, and had to admit the impossibility of any such attempt.

The cost of the new treatment adds five per cent. to the cost of production, but this difference will, it is hoped, be made good by the lower rates of insurance that will result.

### THE TABLES TURNED.

Two shop assistants in scanty night attire sitting in the snow on a struggling burglar was the exciting tableau presented to early rising Berliners yesterday morning. The thief had omitted the precaution of prefacing his attack by careful scouting, and inadvertently selected a provision store garrisoned by two sturdy assistants. Unaccounted as they were, and undaunted by the chilly blasts of a winter's morning, the defenders pursued the enemy, and held him captive until the tardy arrival of the police.



MINA ALIX.

The intrepid girl who fell from the "Loop of Death" and now lies at the point of death in the hospital at Madrid after an operation.

[Photo by Foulsham & Banfield.]







OUR SATURDAY SHORT STORY.

"A BASKET OF FLOWERS."

COMPLETE SHORT STORY.

I had been in the firm of J. & Co. for fifteen years for the firm of J. & Co. without adventure worthy of a journey, but not one could I receive "damages" that must have been in luxurious idleness for a month. But beyond being snowed up on several occasions, which was an atmospheric dilemma outside my control, mine was a business career, even though not unprofitable. At the end of fifteen placid years this state of affairs was rudely shaken, and by a woman.

One day, on Rugby platform for the London train, I noticed a young girl, tall, with an air, fluffy hair, and undeniably was alone. The small basket of her hand seemed to rivet her utmost care.

I steamed in I forgot the girl, and, in an empty compartment, settled myself down.

But one other passenger was in the carriage with the fair, fluffy hair. I was sitting in my rug around me I observed that she had no wraps beyond a light shawl which fell open from the neck, exposing her in a dark cloth gown.

It was foggy, and the air chill; with the young lady the use of the shawl was pretty, she placed the shawl over her shoulders. I remarked upon the weather.

She replied, and was answered in the line of a child will sometimes reply, unconsciously charms. Not being attentive, I found myself lazily listening to her voice that eventually prattled in my ears. Now and again it ceased for a moment, and in those brief lapses my head dropped.

I want to go to sleep, but it was very warm from my usual habit. Once, in the middle of a stifling flow of chatter in my compartment, my head bobbed down to my chest. How stupid of me! I awoke, peering into the dim corner with a gasp on my lips.

"You yourself," my companion said, "are looking closely into my eyes—they were steely grey—glittering back at me."

"Do you mean to say that my sleep was unnatural? That you premeditated this theft? That these flowers cover an anaesthetic?"

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train, and returning to me. But the gentleman preferred to wait.

"Here it is!" I cried at last, pointing to a buttonhole across my breast. "I could have sworn I didn't stick it in here!"

The door slammed in a true official manner, and I remained pondering over the strange position of my late ticket. Suddenly I looked towards the opposite corner. It was empty. I rubbed my eyes to make sure. Only a basket of flowers was in the place which the fair-haired girl had occupied. Much to my surprise both windows were open, and the fog was pouring into the compartment; I wondered vaguely why my companion had left me in a whirling dervish.

We had left Willesden Junction, and were already steaming into Euston. I ceased pondering, and began to gather my belongings together. I reached my umbrella and Gladstone from the rack, and looking round for the rug, found it missing. She must have taken it—unconsciously, I thought. Poor little girl! how distressed she would be on discovering her mistake. And left her flowers, too. Poor little girl! Thus mentally sympathising with the absent party, I stepped on to the platform, with the basket of flowers in one hand.

I looked round for a moment in the faint hope

by a hazy doubt on finding it. Presently I had missed my rug and my travelling companion with it. Then—but nothing occurred after that. Nothing.

III.

Glancing down at the small basket which my fingers were unconsciously clasping, it brought immediately its rightful owner before my mental vision. At the same instant our horse swerved, and another hansom passed us. Turning my head slightly I caught a glimpse of light grey and of fair fluffy hair in the passing vehicle. Obeying a sudden impulse I again raised the trap, and contradicted my last order:

"Follow the hansom in front as far as it goes." Why had I done this? I scarcely knew; my heart was thumping in a stupid, jerky way and my head felt dizzy. The sickly odour of the flowers reached me strongly as I strained forward. We followed closely along the Euston-road, passed King's Cross Station and up Pentonville-hill, entering the neighbourhood of Barnsbury. Finally the foremost hansom stopped at the top of an unpretentious street, and its occupant stepped out lightly, paying her fare with a bright smile—a sweet, innocent smile. Surely I was mistaken in my wild



"Do you mean to say that my sleep was unnatural? That you premeditated this theft? That these flowers cover an anaesthetic?"

idea. I alighted also, telling my Jehu to wait, and followed cautiously the figure in the grey cloak as it walked swiftly to the end of the street.

Unprepared for her next movement I had approached within a couple of yards when she turned sharply round as though to retrace her steps. We were face to face, and the light from the lamp at the corner, together with the glare of gas shed from a public-house window, revealed to me the blank expression which spread over her countenance. Raising my hat, I held out the basket of flowers to her.

"You left this in the train at Willesden, madam; and—carried away my rug in mistake."

"How good of you to trouble so far as this! Until this moment I was unconscious I had."

"I am sure of that, madam." I peered closely into her face; it looked white and stiff, all youthful innocence had fled. Hard as I tried to control it, my voice trembled in continuing: "I am sorry, but I must ask you to accompany me at once to Scotland Yard. I have experienced a heavy loss, and your assistance will prove valuable to me."

"You are mad! Let me pass." The street was very quiet. With the exception of my hansom at the top end, and our two selves, it was empty. I laid a firm, detaining hand upon her shoulder.

"Probably you believe in the axiom that 'exchange is no robbery,' but I do not consider a paltry basket of flowers equivalent to a watch, a roll of notes, and a purse containing gold to a considerable amount. I have to thank you for

leaving the small change in my trousers' pocket for the sake of my cab fare."

A sob was the only response to my sarcasm—a sob, piteous and heartrending. My too highly susceptible nature responded immediately. The hardness had gone from the girl's face, and in its place was undisguised terror.

"Give me back my property," I said harshly. With a gasp she withdrew from the bosom of her dress the articles demanded, placing them one by one in my hand.

There was abject contrition in the upturned face; great tears filled the grey eyes, softening them wonderfully. It was as though a helpless, pleading child stood before me.

"Why did you do it?" I asked, not unkindly; the relief of regaining the money perhaps tempering my contempt.

Fresh sobs and tears were my only answer. "You looked so innocent," I murmured, "with your baby face and the flowers."

"I am not innocent. Nor are the flowers." I fancied I detected a ring of despair in the tones of her voice. "You succumbed so easily," she continued, in a dull, mechanical way, "but your families fought hard for the mastery; eventually the intensity of your stupor made it safe for me to merely change carriages at Willesden Junction. I stuck your ticket where the collector could quickly see it; but I blundered in leaving my tools behind me."

"Do you mean to say that my sleep was unnatural? That you premeditated this theft? That these flowers cover an anaesthetic?"

"Yes; to all three questions, yes. You know my trade now. Do you want me further, or may I go?" Even as she was speaking I knew that I ought not to let her pass, but to place her within the power of the law. This thought must have been patent. "May I go?" the pleading voice said again. "The law can punish me, and you will gain the utmost limit of satisfaction, but it will not make me a better woman."

"Can anything do that?" I asked roughly. "Possibly nothing. Possibly your generosity might. I don't know, but it might. May I go?"

"Yes," I said, desperately fighting against my common-sense.

IV.

She turned from me with a little cry. There was only a moment's gleam of fair hair as the gaslight fell on it before the fog and the shadows swallowed her from my sight. Something white was lying on the pavement at my feet. "Poor little girl!" I murmured, picking it up absently. It was one of the polluted flowers. The next instant it was crushed under my heel. I had been a fool—a fool—a fool!

Miserably I returned to the waiting hansom. By the time I reached my hotel I had determined to redeem my weakness by apprising the general public of these facts, related entirely as a warning to all travellers by rail.

Lay no faith in fluffy-haired, baby-faced individuals of the fairer sex; beneath a snowy exterior black plots may be brewing. And never—ah, never let big, tear-filled eyes blind the sense of justice!

MRS. JOSEPH CHAMBERLAIN.

Shy and Retiring She Yet Wields Great Influence.

To-day Mrs. Joseph Chamberlain will make one of her few public appearances in Birmingham, when she unveils the clock tower and lamp, erected by public subscription from Mr. Chamberlain's constituents, as a memorial of the successful conclusion of the South African war, and of his tour through the new Colony. Mrs. Chamberlain is, as a matter of fact, by no means a well-known lady, even in Birmingham, where she is hardly ever seen in public. She is extremely shy and retiring, but nevertheless possesses a great deal of quiet influence. Few women are so well up in politics as Mrs. Joseph Chamberlain, who is a regular frequenter of the Ladies' Gallery in the House of Commons. Her father was Secretary for War in America at the time of the marriage, and she has been in touch with politicians all her life; indeed it was her intimate knowledge of English and American politics which first attracted Mr. Chamberlain.

Quiet, But Humorous.

The ex-Colonial Secretary's wife possesses, too, a fund of quiet humour, which is not perhaps properly appreciated in her own immediate circle, for neither Mr. Chamberlain nor Mr. Austen Chamberlain has a very keen sense of humour, although at times the latter has been known to be exceedingly witty.

Mr. Chamberlain's love of orchids, and, incidentally, anything connected with a garden, is only equalled by his love of punctuality. A year or two ago he planted at Highbury a quantity of young trees, in which he took the greatest interest. A short time afterwards a dinner party was given at Highbury, which included Mr. Austen Chamberlain. The guests were all assembled and had waited at least a quarter of an hour when Mr. Austen Chamberlain came in. Meeting his father's keen and reproachful look with a smile, he said gaily, "My dear father, I am so sorry I have kept you all waiting, but, you see, I lost my way in those forests of yours." Everyone in the room smiled, except Mr. Chamberlain, who had been distinctly scored off.



## 100 MILES AN HOUR.

How You May Go the Pace  
on Skates.

Intense cold prevails upon the Continent, and those who love winter sports are having full opportunity for enjoyment. The International Skating Championship, which has come to a successful end at Davos, attracted an unusual number of foreign entries and visitors. In Berlin the temporary thaw, which partly interfered with the success of the International Fancy Skating Competition, has been succeeded by more seasonable weather, and the Crown Prince has been able to give his long-anticipated sledging party at Potsdam to the members of the Court.

The Berliners, however, prefer skate sails to sleighs, and their winter Mecca is the Müggelsee, on which hundreds may now be seen indulging in one of the most fascinating and exhilarating sports ever invented for the public. Skate sailing has been fostered with so much enthusiasm by the Skate Sailing Union of Berlin that its annual competitions are attended by thousands of spectators, many of whom on the lake skate about for their own pleasure. When twenty or forty contestants—each with an enormous sail behind, which he holds firmly by means of a strong bar of wood, and guides by means of cords—start off from scratch, running free before the wind, the spectacle is magnificent.

## The Swedish Sail.

In Sweden, where winter sports are more permanent, and the wind usually stronger, a speed of a hundred miles an hour is often obtained.

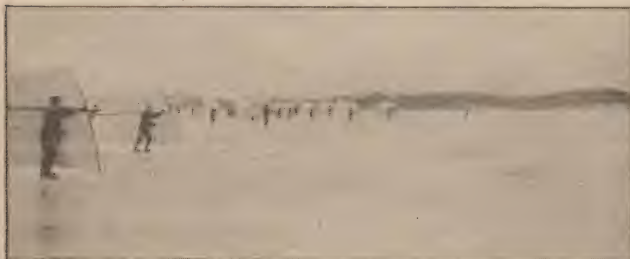
Possibly this has something to do with the construction of the Swedish sail, which is different from the German. The Swedes, especially those in Stockholm, are passionately fond of sailing on skates, and a large number of clubs exist which compete regularly against each other for cups and

## GREAT RINK AT AMSTERDAM.



Here are the cleaners clearing up the ice. When the skaters are sailing at their tremendous speed an obstruction on the track might mean a fearful accident.

## MANOEUVRING FOR A START.



Like so many yachts tacking and tricking one another to be first past the line, the sailing skaters manoeuvre for a good start.

other prizes. Recent competitions have been of special interest owing to their Jubilee nature, for King Oscar has just celebrated his 75th birthday, and festivities have everywhere abounded.

## DIMINISHED SHIPPING.

(FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.)

BUDAPEST, Friday.

There is a band of thieves here who are not over-particular as to what they steal. All is "fish" that falls into their net. Some time ago they stole a monument. Now they have taken it into their heads to steal all that was worth stealing from a steamer.

Yesterday it was discovered that the steamer Baron Bouffy, in the Neupester winter harbour, had been absolutely stripped. All the machinery had been carried away, with the metal and iron. The thieves even took a heavy iron box away. By the time they had done the Baron Bouffy remained a hulk. The vessel will practically have to be rebuilt.



Skate-sail used by the Berlin skaters.

## THE PLAY-PICTORIAL.

## No. 19. "THE ORCHID." Part I.

This popular Gaiety Play will be dealt with in  
TWO MAGNIFICENT NUMBERS.

Part I. published February 1st.  
Part II. published June 1st.

All the old favourites in character and groups in the play.

Mr. EDMUND PAYNE.	Mr. FRED WRIGHT.
Miss ETHEL SYDNEY.	Miss CONNIE EDISS.
Mr. GEORGE GROSSMITH.	Mr. LIONEL MACKINDER.
Miss GERTIE MILLAR.	Mr. GRATTAN, Mr. NAINBY,
Miss OLIVE MAY, and others.	

## No. 19. "The Orchid." Part I.

PRICE SIXPENCE.

## No. 20. "The Cricket on the Hearth." Feb. 15.

## The Play-Pictorial Almanac.

PRICE ONE SHILLING (Postage 2d.).

Containing over 50 portraits of prominent actors and actresses, and an apt quotation from a play against each day of the year.

THE PLAY-PICTORIAL, 35, Wellington Street, Strand, W.C.

## COLEMAN'S "WINCARNIS."

The FINEST TONIC and Restorative in the World.

Over 6,000 Testimonials received from Medical Men.

PROSTRATION CONVALESCENCE

A BULWARK AGAINST INFIRMITY.

COLEMAN & CO. Limited, Norwich and London.

Sample Bottle sent on receipt of 3d. in stamps to cover postage.  
(Please mention this paper.)

TURNER'S  
TAMARIND EMULSION

is just the thing you require to keep you in health during these cold winter months. However careful you may be you can't help catching cold sometimes, but this remedy

## POSITIVELY STOPS

a cold, if taken in time. It is pleasant and perfectly harmless, and gives instant relief in all cases of throat and lung complaints. When you realise this you will laugh at the weather and scorn

## COUGHS and COLDS

Bottles 1/1 and 2/9.

Tell your Chemist you must have "Turner's," or write to

THE HARVEY-TURNER COY., LTD.,  
The Laboratory, Newcomen Street, Borough, S.E.



# WRESTLERS AT WORK.

"MISS MIRROR'S" IMPRESSIONS OF THE "TERRIBLE TURK" AND THE "RUSSIAN LION."

With due regard to the eternal fitness of things Olympia has been chosen as the scene of a great wrestling match, when Ahmed Hackschmidt, the "Terrible Turk," will meet Georges Hackenschmidt, the "Russian Lion," to contest the melodramatic of the world.

The contrast between the two men is made clear in "Miss Mirror's" account of her meetings with the heroes of the hour. She writes with a vivid pleasure her experience at the hands of the Greek, who to-night will pose as sponsor of the "Terrible Turk."

"The very end, wedged into the swaying crowd of men, squeezed to spratlike flatness by tobacco smoke, deafened by cheers, and enjoying, fierce interest in the spectacle, appealed to that sporting instinct which is so rampant in every Englishwoman."

"I was to try a fall with the 'Terrible Turk,' I was to shake hands with the champion and gratify my feminine desire to see a man of this 'Russian Lion,' who had thrown back at an angle convenient for the camera his features, I waited in the wings, of something fear-inspiring, hairy, tree-trunk on the arm brought my skyward gaze to a height well under 6ft., and I looked down at Georges Hackenschmidt, a blonde of a fair-skinned Teutonic type, in a brown tunic, with hair standing up in a bushy aspect, with hair standing up, and a long, loose coat concealed the belated symmetry of his shape; on his feet he wore shoes he walked with the long, sound, of a poulter.

"Miss Mirror's" good wishes for the coming of the day were daily delivered and acknowledged with a smile which makes the beardless face of Hackenschmidt confessed to nervousness, but not of his opponent.

"I was to be, as is his wont before meeting his opponent, to pace to and fro in the wings on the stage with long, measured steps, as carefully as though his suppleness of body depended on the result."

"The red of the velvet-hung theatre behind the crowd of spectators came to me. The stage was packed with eager spectators. Hackenschmidt walked aloft from his dressing room, and admirers till the signal was given to start."

"Instant after he appeared behind the footlights, he showed hands in comrade fashion with the agile Greek, and before there was time to take the grace of his form the two men were locked in close contest. It is not easy to follow Hackenschmidt in motion. His measurements 5ft. 8in., chest 32in., neck 23in., arms 19in.—suggest the unwieldy and

"The man is so exquisitely proportioned, and chest moulded in such perfect lines, that he seems to have more of Mercury's swiftness than Hercules's ponderous power. His bearing is entrancing."

"His opponent waits his opportunity, measuring his grim earnestness; then with a suddenness down and down he knelt on the floor, triumphant but still wary."

"The arm swung, 'back-heels,' 'catch-as-catch-can' and the like is to convey nothing of the worth of Hackenschmidt matched with the swiftness of his prowess. To see him bent double, his shining skin stretched tightly, his muscles, regaining the upright position, and lifting his shoulder-high with a glorious energy; to watch him pass his moment and then turning the tables on his opponent, almost superhuman vigour; to see him grasp, his marvellous elusive skill, to see the very apotheosis of virile strength."

"West."

"Afternoon the watching crowd swayed back and forth, unconsciously straining after Hackenschmidt's movements. They roared hoarse with the Greek's mastery of his craft, his strength and endurance as for beauty of strength and intelligence as for beauty of strength."

"Hackenschmidt typifies Western alertness, the Oriental the marrow of his bones, in the fair hair and blue eyes which look so out of place beneath the folds of his tunic. The epithet 'Terrible' seemed quite a fitting one to his eyes. There is a dreamy quality in his movements which completely deceives the eye."

"I imagine him stretched on a divan in a moment, and scarcely saw him posing as an in the wrestling ring. His patriotism, his Spartan habits of which I had heard, and yet met the man of the champion who has

"I saw him vanquish a strong man in less than ten minutes, one realises that when he said 'I shall die in the ring' he meant it. Far less agile than the Russian, seemingly, he gains his sensational victory by sheer strength."

"The Russian wrestler; his father and his grandfather were wrestlers before him; he feels he has the prestige of his race, the honour of the Sultan, and it will go hardly with him to not maintain his reputation against the redoubtable 'Russian Lion.'"

"The Russian Lion."

"The Russian Lion."

"The Russian Lion."

"The Russian Lion."

## New Vogue For Orchid Perfume.

WHEN AND HOW TO WEAR THE MOST FASHIONABLE SCENTS.

Since scents are a recognised accessory to the elegant completion of the smart woman's toilette, a slight discussion in these particular columns as to their application may prove a source of some small passing interest.

Only of quite recent days has the true art of using perfumes being accepted, namely as a gentle, all-pervading odour, which wafts from every portion of the person, always seductively even in strength. So vastly different this from the one-time soaked

elements, though, of course, the best are made of flowers. Chemically produced perfumes are anathema to the refined woman.

### A REMARKABLE OPPORTUNITY

AN EVENT AT THE GRAFTON SALON.

Rising superior to all the stupid trammels of tradition Mesdames Hancock and James commenced their sale at the moment most convenient to themselves and advantageous to their clientele.



A pretty  
Peterine  
Bodice, with  
flounced  
sleeves and a  
swathed  
belt.

handkerchief, which, on emerging from the pocket, nearly overpowered one with its fulminating force. And yet such was the sole idea of applying perfume for years.

Nowadays innumerable little sachets are laid within one's bodices and skirts when they are put away, these always containing the powdered essence of the perfume affected by the wearer. Under no circumstances should a sachet be bought haphazard, for the chances are large that it will quarrel with the other perfumes used, while the whole charm of the delicately perfumed woman is the distinction of the exhalation. Happily we are just quite tired of two of the most strident and disagreeable concoctions ever promulgated, which attracted us with immense vigour at first. I refer to "Trèfle Incarnat" and "Jickey." These literally suffocated one, while their after-effect, when the essence of the spirit had evaporated, was what can only be described as stale. And there is no parallel that can be drawn to the horrors of stale scent.

#### The Delicate Aroma of Rare Blossoms.

Orchids are largely responsible for some of the most seductive perfumes of the moment, the treatment to which these are subjected enhancing the natural refinement of their tone. Once a woman has secured something entirely individual and pleasing to herself she guards the knowledge as she does the name and address of her pet small modiste.

The feeling has entirely passed for tea-rose, wall-flower, and lily of the valley, those now required being much more subtle and of quite mysterious

and pursuing their individual course they propose to enlighten the last few days, beginning on February 1, by offering certain desirable and smart little toques and hats at 5s. 9d.

Realising, however, how inadequate so bald a statement as this must prove, to those seriously attracted by such an unusual opportunity, we have provided a pictorial example of the style of chapeau procurable at the remarkable price before-mentioned. Elephant grey beaver cloth, splashed with black and tastefully draped over a brim of emerald green panne, is the fabricating scheme, a timely touch of spring arriving in a bunch of white geraniums at the left side.



Elephant grey cloth Toque, trimmed with white geraniums.

## THE DAILY TIME-SAVER.

### SIMPLE DISH.

The prices of the ingredients are quoted as from the West End Shops.

#### No. 237.—NOUILLE BISCUITS.

INGREDIENTS:—Half a pound of flour, the yolks of two eggs, half a teaspoonful of salt, a little cold water.

Sieve together the flour and salt, make a well in the middle of the flour, put in the yolks of the eggs and work into it as much flour as it will take up, then add enough cold water to make the whole into a stiff paste; knead it about ten minutes, or till it is very smooth. Roll it out very thinly and cut it into rounds with a cutter about the size of the top of a tumbler. Prick each round once or twice with a skewer, lay them on a buttered tin, and bake them about eight minutes in a quick oven. They should be a pale brown colour.

Cost 5d. for about two dozen.

### PRIZE RECIPE AWARD.

We award the prize of One Guinea this week to Mrs. Shaw, "Drayton," Headstone-road, Harrow, for—

#### AMBER HEARTS.

Ingredients:—Seven ounces of fresh butter, 6 ounces of castor sugar, one lemon, 6 ounces of sifted flour, 2 ounces of Groul's Crème de Riz, 3 eggs.

For the icing:—One white of egg, 1 lb. icing sugar, few drops of lemon juice, a little saffron colouring, 3 ounce of coarse crystallised sugar.

Beat the butter to a cream. Add the sugar and grated lemon rind and work for ten minutes. Stir in by degrees the flour and Crème de Riz, add the eggs one by one, and work the mixture lightly for five minutes. Bake in a shallow baking tin, line with buttered paper and pour in the mixture to about the thickness of an inch. Bake in a moderate oven. Turn the cake carefully on a sieve to cool, and then cut it out with small heart-shaped cutters.

While the cake is cooling make an icing:—Whisk the white of egg to a very stiff froth, stir in by degrees sugar gradually, add a few drops of lemon juice and sufficient saffron colouring to produce a pale yellow tint. Cover the tops and sides of the little cakes with icing, taking care to get the edges smooth. This is easily done by dipping the knife constantly in hot water. Have the crystallised sugar ready mixed with a little saffron colouring; spread it out evenly on a sheet of paper and press the tops of the cakes on to the sugar so that they have the effect of being studded with amber.

Cost 1s. 6d. for 30 cakes.

## PEOPLE PROMINENT.

STORIES OF THE DAY HEARD IN THE CLUBS AND BOUDOIRS OF LONDON.

Lady Sarah Wilson, who presided at a meeting of the Society of Women Journalists last night, is a woman quite out of the common, and her life has been full of variety. As a child she lived in the semi-regal state of Dublin Castle, during the Vice-royalty of her father, the seventh Duke of Marlborough, and in London she has, of course, always been in the smartest set; yet while acting as a war correspondent for the "Daily Mail" in South Africa she roughed it as well as the hardest "Tommy," and though taken prisoner by the Boers never lost the characteristic Churchill pluck. Lady Sarah's marriage to the eldest son of the late Sir Samuel Wilson, the Australian millionaire, caused much comment in society at the time, and was the first stepping stone which helped the Wilsons to the top of the social ladder. Sir Samuel, it is said, made a liberal settlement on his first daughter-in-law, and promised a further sum of money when she had a son! She has now two.

Of Sir Samuel himself some amusing tales are related. A self-made man, he was undoubtedly proud of that fact, and never pretended to be of higher birth than he was, a trait which, in addition to his sterling worth, gained him universal respect. But sometimes his familiarity with domestic matters was a trial to the excellent staff of servants at his town and country houses; as, for example, when he desired the first footman one afternoon to sweep out an empty coal cellar in his house in Grosvenor-square, and at Hughenden Manor (which he rented for several years) requested the butler to repair a lock, saying that, if time permitted he could do it himself.

#### The King's Memory.

The King's memory for faces is (as generally known) extraordinarily good, but equally so is his power of promptly recalling the names and where and when he has met persons he is suddenly confronted with—gifts which do not always go together. An evidence of the King's accuracy in both respects once occurred at Newcastle, where his Majesty (then Prince of Wales) was attending a show. Stopping on his progress through the crowd he accosted a gentleman by name, reminding him they had been introduced at a certain public function in another provincial town some years previously.

The late Queen Victoria brought up all her children to show courtesy to those around them. Once when returning from a yachting expedition, as one of the little Princesses was walking up the gangway, an old sailor said, "Take care, little lady." The child drew herself up with hauteur, and said, "I'm not a lady, I'm a Princess." The Queen, who overheard the kindly injunction and the reply, called out quickly: "Tell the good sailor that you are not a little lady yet, but hope, some day, to become one!"

By a somewhat strange coincidence, Lord Conyngham, who comes of age to-day, attains his majority just in time to enable him to take his seat on Tuesday in the House of Lords, where he will sit as Baron Minto. He succeeded his father in 1897, and when in Ireland resides with his mother at Slane Castle. An amusing story is told in this connection, of the time when the first Marquis of Conyngham had to entertain George IV. at this castle very unexpectedly. In those days little attention was paid to the comfort of the bedrooms; in fact, one historian says that for this great occasion they had to borrow all the old beds in the county. This resulted in Lord Manners, the Chancellor, being so bitten by fleas the first night that he departed in anger early next morning.

#### Paul the Boxer.

Lord Methuen will to-day unveil the memorial in the chapel at Sherborne School to the old boys who fell in the South African War. Lord Methuen in his early days was a good boxer, and he once used these powers to good effect in the defence of one of the fair sex, from whom an extortionate cabby was demanding a very excessive fare. The cabby became insolent to Lord Methuen, implying that he took advantage of his being perched up on his seat. "Come down," Lord Methuen said, "and we can soon settle that." It was not long before the cabby had to ask for mercy, and was more than ready to apologise to the lady for his behaviour.

A wonderful dinner for fifty took place in New York the other night at a cost of £8,000 to celebrate an engagement. It was served at two tables, each with hollow circles in the centre, from which rose large umbrella-shaped trees, the space between the top of these and the table being covered with tiny white flowers and festoons of pink roses. Over these were umbrellas of roses and orchids, brilliantly lighted, and the edge of each table was bordered with sprays of choice flowers.

#### A NOTED SALE FOR THE HOUSE-PROUD.

The last few days of the reduced prices prevailing previous to stock-taking at John Wilson's Successors, 188, Regent-street, W., are days not to be missed. Everything in the way of household linen is so obviously of the best, the reductions, that vary from 10 per cent. to 50 per cent., become of appreciable value to those proud housewives who have to yearly consider the replenishing of their linen cupboard.

The curtains list in lace and tapestry offer peculiar temptations, more especially perhaps the latter, which the firm are clearing at unprecedented prices; also a few of their pretty stencilled porcelains, all of handiwork in beautiful conventional designs, the colourings so deftly blended and artistic as to be suitable to almost any room. Seventeen shillings and sixpence is the price pair of a dainty appliqué net curtain, Louis Seize design, and 11s. 9d. the convincing reduction of a light, graceful, and very transparent drawing-room curtain of Saxton hair.

The firm's illustrated catalogue, however, sent post-free on application, would form the best guide to making the most out of this sale of unsurpassed excellence.











